





room in the Studio Building, Tremont Street.



W. H. HARDY.  
ICE-MAKING ROOMS,  
No. 10. Oliver Place,  
Street, between } BOSTON.  
Esplanade St. }



## Poetry.

For the Liberator.  
EMANCIPATION, 1863.

The reason of the Union host are fed with slavery's chains;  
To feed them with our arrogance and pride of race remains;  
The way of Peace, through Purty, Ossington's articles;  
The joy of Southern mother's milk the Northern mother's price.

Now, on the brow of deserts, raise the blood of crimson;  
The laurels of the poor man's cry our nation's emblem;  
To battle about the driver's lash with orphan's bone emblem;  
Orphan's emblem, and the mother's, stand in the Southern place.

Then, through the battle of the shore, dash the North-  
ern blue;  
His post into his future hope shall be the only bar;  
The vulgar pride of state his future shall be;  
The marriage of his future shall be the only bar.

So great, brethren of the sea, from out this Northern  
light;  
The light of color to no smelling of right;  
In Progress and in Justice are your confidence and might;  
The light of black men to the light of white.

You pity them whose mother's milk or violent words may  
kill;  
God raises them who, Ourselves, in social life con-  
tained;  
Still more than those of our nation's history, for those of human blood;  
O noble, but infamous, barbaric Southern mind!

Of good, what man can be, he may: when from this sea  
is;  
From out the Palace of the South, and from the South-  
ern light;  
That sea, the sea of the South, the sea of the South, the sea of the South;  
To open out deep mining, the sea of the South, the sea of the South.

He who stands for sea in night except the Southern's glow;  
Let us stand for sea in night except the Southern's glow;  
Let us stand for sea in night except the Southern's glow;  
Let us stand for sea in night except the Southern's glow.

Yale, too, for sea in night except the Southern's glow;  
The breath of the Southern's glow, the breath of the Southern's glow;  
The breath of the Southern's glow, the breath of the Southern's glow;  
The breath of the Southern's glow, the breath of the Southern's glow.

Open, then, great friendly earth, and show these Southern's  
mouth of the South;  
Be swallow up their place and trade who Christian sea  
and sea;  
If half a nation's blood can seal the Southern's glow;  
Ashore, around, then let there stand great Southern's glow;  
The breath of the Southern's glow, the breath of the Southern's glow.

Another home to radiant, now,  
With smiles familiar here;  
Familiar smiles familiar here;  
Familiar smiles familiar here;  
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## The Liberator.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. FRANKS.

Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

## CHAPTER VII.

LELIA—ADVENTURES AND CONFLICTS.

One dewy morning as Lelia was walking on the  
back piazza, looking at the eggs of the birds, she  
saw Frank passing from the kitchen to the dining-  
room. He stopped in the doorway opening into the  
court, to speak to Ben, who was carrying some vegeta-  
bles out of the cellar. Making up a face, expressive  
of scorn and disgust, he said—

"Don't you insult de cows, Ben, by giving 'em  
dem rotten cabbages! Make 'em have de cow-pox  
like, and spite de milk!"

"You shut up!" said Ben; "dese are make a big  
amble pot-lick for de people. Dese put on de cow  
boiler, and stunner 'em wid de pepper and salt, and  
dey go down mos amble—pend on it dey will!"

"Did master Nelson say de people might have  
'em?"

"Sartin! Massa say de ole rotten cabbages make  
de color caberthy, an' de people might have 'em for  
a relish."

"Yes," said Frank, "and don't say 'fore Miss  
Lelia. What you think de people are to have for din-  
ner, to-day?"—and don't say, "Frank and  
Lelia!"

"You talk often de poor slave people have de  
meat, and massa wants everybody to know it when  
dey do."

"Dei de fact truth," said Ben, looking about cau-  
tiously, and catching a glimpse of Lelia, with a fright-  
ened look he hurried away.

Lelia was surprised at the coincidence, when at the  
breakfast table Mr. Nelson said, addressing her—

"What do you think my hands are to have for din-  
ner to-day?"

"What are they?" she answered, coloring.

"Pork and cabbages! Don't you think I feed my  
people well?"

The incident depressed her, but she thought too  
well of Mr. Nelson to admit to herself that she had  
heard the servants say true; yet the affair cost  
her some reflection.

Some weeks had now elapsed since her arrival at  
Plantation, and she had become quite domesticated.  
Under Miss Forsythe's instruction, she had advanced  
surprisingly in the use of the harp and guitar.

The life she was leading was novel, and full of interest.  
Mr. Nelson and the governess lived with each other,  
striving to assuage her sorrow, forbearing all allusion  
to her recent bereavement lest they should open  
afresh the fountain of grief, and filling up each day  
with walks, rides, company, visiting and music—often  
a moonlight evening setting sail on the smooth stream,  
where, fanned by the grateful breeze, and listening to  
the rude melodious strains of the sable oarsmen, the  
night seemed more joyous than the day. It was to  
her as if she had suddenly been transported to fairy  
land, and she was the passive drooping of her long-  
fringed eyelashes, and a gentle sadness that would fall  
on her in the grayest hour, scarcely a trace of the past  
affliction could be detected by her friends.

Mr. Nelson's assiduous attention to his ward had  
been without a reacting influence. Public life  
had developed the more masculine qualities, and his  
offspring declaration that he should never marry  
had come to be received among his gentlemanly  
acquaintances as a truism. Though ever gallant in his  
bearing towards the fair sex, it was supposed that he  
had no such weakness as to lead him into love. But  
the coming of Lelia, and the constant intercourse with  
her, prompted by pity for her loneliness and a desire  
to convert her to slavery, had brought into exercise a  
class of feelings that he did not understand, but which  
were to him as fascinating as they were getting to be  
controlling.

Mr. Nelson had plunged suddenly and  
hopelessly into love, and yet he knew it not. Blinded  
by the shaft of the archer, he thought himself the most  
disinterested of mortals, while by day he buoyed him-  
self in striving towards in the path of his lovely pros-  
pect, and by night dreamed over the events of the day.  
Of course, in this condition of things his manner,  
though affectionate, was deferential; and while Lelia  
and Miss Forsythe were both charmed with his  
courteous and grateful for his presence, and wonder-  
ed at the exhaustless resources he displayed in pro-  
viding for their happiness, neither of them suspected  
the cause.

"Come, Lelia," said Mr. Nelson, on the morning  
of which we are speaking, "I have planned a ride,  
and I want you to accompany me. Run, and get your  
riding-bag. But, stop! let's see—what horse will you  
ride?"

"Oh! anything," replied she, "only give me a safe  
saddle and bridle."

"Well, then, as you are so fine a rider, I've a mind  
to give you Black Hawk to-day. You'll look splen-  
dently on his back. He's half-spirited, but gentle  
when he takes, he'd be as proud as Lucifer to carry  
you. You smile, but he's a good judge of looks, and  
admires the ladies. Run down to the stable, and  
tell Monkey to bring up Black Hawk and tied Jack."

Monkey—who was one of the stable boys—was  
born a hater. His father, and grandfather before  
him, were of that profession, and he rode a horse as  
easily as he breathed. Small, slim, and wiry, his  
head thrown back on his shoulders, so that his face  
seemed half on the top of his head, with large, rolling  
black eyes, impudent and gleaming with fun, he seemed  
to rejoice in existence without let or hindrance.  
His nimble adroitness, mimicry and mimicry suggested  
the subsequence which his master applied to him, though  
Jehu was his real name. Horse-back riding was a  
passion with him, and this he found means to gratify.  
Each morning he had to ride the horses down to the  
creek some forty rods to water, and it was his pro-  
vince, however urgent the case, to gallop them pre-  
ceded by the mill, making a circuit of some two miles,  
to "limber 'em up," as he said. On this morning, it was  
a full hour before he appeared with the horses; Mr.  
Nelson, meanwhile, having become absorbed in his  
newspaper.

Plaster, the head butler, coachman and wagoner,  
expectant with Jehu for "tarle away on 'em horses,  
when massa wants dem to meet"—but what did Jehu  
care for that?

"Oh, you Plaster, 'spec' I know what de horse  
want! 'Specs dey gi' fundered drinkin' de creek  
day, an' I has to exercise 'em to keep de brof sound!"  
Dey so!" And to give a further illustration, away  
he swept up by the mansion, and, turning with a flourish  
by the coach ring, brought them panting back to the  
stable to saddle them.

"Run every pound of flesh off de horses," exclaimed  
Plaster, highly indignant; "keep every hoof cool  
as de mitchel! Won't have you run de way! Massa  
he come down de de stable, an' he say, Why, hi!  
Plaster, what's got into dem yer horses dat dey  
so ravin' pout? Massa Nelson, says I, de horses  
gi' dat agitated, Jehu ride dem up—takes all de flesh  
off deir bones. Dat ar boy 'pears like he ride 'em day  
an' night. When oder people is abed an' asleep, dat  
ar Jehu he cavin' up wid de horses; and, massa, he  
spile every hoof dey yer carryings on!"

"He, hi, hi, hi!" laughed Jehu, at this farce.  
"What massa he say to dat?"

"He say, Git out, you pop! He say, I'll have you  
whipped within an inch of yer life, an' axouted in de  
'burne plantation!"

"He, hi, hi, hi!" said Jehu. "I git up 'fore  
morning, and ride off Black Hawk carryin' an' dat  
would be de lar' of Jehu in dese yer parts. An' dat  
jumping on to Black Hawk, and leading Red Jacket,  
both horses dashed up to the house at the top of their  
speed."

No lady had ridden Black Hawk for some time; and  
he was not quite ready for Lelia to mount him, until  
he felt a little acquainted. Jehu had excited him, and

the noble creature pawed and pranced in grand  
style.

"So, so! Black Hawk," said Mr. Nelson, patting  
his glossy neck. "Why, hi! good fellow, you feel  
your oats this morning! You are to be gentle, and  
carry this lady safely, she!"

Lelia finally mounted, after coaxing and patting  
him; but the instant she touched his back, he set off  
at full speed, and the more she reined him, the faster  
he went. Jehu, anticipating this, had left the park  
gate open, and away went Black Hawk and Lelia. Mr.  
Nelson in consternation vainly urging Red Jacket to  
overtake them.

"Neckon Miss Lelia git a ride dis eber time," said  
Jehu, hugely delighted—"Black Hawk take her round  
de mill!"

Meanwhile Lelia, though startled, managed to keep  
her seat, while the horse whirled away at break-neck  
speed. At length, having gained the mill, and making  
his circuit back, Lelia thought her of saving the  
bit. He had a sharp curb on, and the moment it  
touched his tongue, Black Hawk stopped. He was  
near the watering place, a cool, pebbly brook, mossy  
banks, and shaded by maples. She was sitting  
there, watching the falling shadows in the water, her  
cheeks in a beautiful glow from the excitement and  
exercise, when Mr. Nelson came up pale and agitated.

"She is safe! safe!" he exclaimed, passionately.  
"Oh, how relieved I am! I would never have allowed  
you to ride that horse, had I known of his tricks.  
This course of Jehu's riding! I don't you hurt at  
all!"

"Not in the least," said she, cheerfully.  
"Well, shall we go home and get a gentler horse?"

"Oh, no! I don't think I shall have any more trouble  
with Black Hawk; he seems kind, and he did not  
mean to harm me."

"Well, then," said Mr. Nelson, with a look of dis-  
appointment, "if you feel quite at your ease, we'll go  
on."

The road lay mostly through a woodland country;  
now they came to a belt of ash, beeches, birches, oaks  
and elms, and then their way wound through pine  
trees that were single—ever singing mournful requiems;  
anon a gang of plantation laborers, headed by a fore-  
man or guarded by the overseer, would be seen, or  
from the negro quarters would ring out the cries and  
whoops of the children; while here and there, stretch-  
ing on a ridge marked by scintillating poplars, could be  
discerned the dwellings of the planters.

It was still early, the morning favoring in its  
freshness; and the riders relieved of anxiety, and ex-  
hilarated by the exercise, paced off the pleasant cir-  
cuit of the plantation in lively discourse.

"Admire Black Hawk," said Lelia.

"Then you're forgiven him his freak!"

"O, yes indeed! the horse ought not to be blamed."  
"Black Hawk has certainly a magnificent rider,"  
said Mr. Nelson, gallantly, "one whom he should be  
proud to carry."

"I am glad you think so," lightly said Lelia.  
"May I ask why you are glad?"

"O, I scarcely know," she replied, smiling, "I sup-  
pose I must plead guilty to a love of approbation."

"Is that all?" said Mr. Nelson, in a tone tremulous  
with emotion.

Lelia started. Her quick glance met the earnest  
gaze of Mr. Nelson. Had it been any other than he,  
she would have needed no interpreter to explain the  
depths of tenderness that beamed on her. As it was,  
she was perplexed, and knew not what to think; and  
for a time the two rode in silence, unbroken, save by  
the cadence of their horses' feet.

The ride was destined to be eventful, for, coming  
to a stretch of level ground, Lelia, to break the spell,  
exclaimed, "Now for a race!" and starting up her  
horse, the spirited animal shot far ahead of his com-  
panion. But suddenly, at a bend of the road, she saw  
a heavy team driving furiously towards them. The  
road was too narrow for her to pass the wagon, and  
there was not time to check the powerful courser and  
return. Quickly reining Black Hawk up a steep  
bank, by almost incredible exertions he gained the  
top just in time to escape collision. The bank was  
some twenty-five feet high, and so narrow at the top  
as scarcely to afford a footing place. Her position  
was full of danger, and the horse trembled in every  
limb.

"Wait an instant," cried Mr. Nelson, as he ap-  
proached, "and I will lead Black Hawk down."

"On no account, I beg of you! Keep quiet, or he  
will be unmanageable—I can take care of him." And  
soothing the frightened beast with caresses, he soon  
became calm. Then, guiding him slowly about, she  
coaxed him to attempt the descent. Placing his fore  
feet firmly in the loose sand, with his haunches well  
spread, the intelligent creature slid carefully to the  
ground; Lelia safely retaining her place in the saddle.

It was a marvelous thing to her horse and rider; and  
Mr. Nelson not daring to lift a finger, stood spell-bound.  
At this happy issue, he was almost beside himself with  
joy, caressing the horse, and loading him with expres-  
sions of gratitude as if he were a human deliverer,  
and pouring forth his praises in the ear of the fair be-  
trine. His excitement was intense, and, like all self-  
collected nature when the feelings had the way, they  
ruled the hour.

"Are you a mortal, or a goddess, that thou sub-  
due brute nature at will, and surmount the most fearful  
perils? All my life I have been familiar with  
daring horsemanship, but never have I seen the equal  
of this. But, come! I shall consent to no more risks  
to-day. I shall feel relieved at seeing you once again  
safely at Poughat."

"Do you know," he added, after a pause in which  
he seemed lost in thought, "how much my happiness  
was bound up in that terrible feat? Oh, had I not  
happened to you, what would have become of me? Lelia,"  
he continued, growing impassioned in manner and  
utterance, "let me speak freely, for I cannot do  
otherwise. You have awakened me to a new life. I  
had always looked upon love as a weakness, and had  
boasted that a nature like mine was wholly above it.  
The members of your sex had filled by me like so  
many butterflies, leaving no impression, and in bring-  
ing you to Poughat, I sought only to alleviate your  
sorrows, seeking also to render you more lenient in  
your judgment of Southern institutions. But little  
did I dream that, in this endeavoring to promote your  
happiness, you were becoming essential to mine; and  
that, while laboring to convert you to Southern modes  
of thinking, I was destined to become your helpless  
captive. Thus I have proved. And now what is home,  
the home of my ancestors, with its wealth, and power,  
and noble name—what is it all to me, henceforth, unless  
irradiated by your presence? Will you not share it  
with me, and become the good angel of my destiny?"

Lelia was overwhelmed at the turn of affairs, and  
could not reply to Mr. Nelson. The revelations he  
made were not anticipated, for from the first she had  
inferred that Miss Forsythe had a claim on his regard.  
She saw, however, that a crisis in her history was now  
reached, which would give character to its entire fu-  
ture, and felt constrained to pause ere casting the die  
that was to decide it. She started as from a dream, as  
Mr. Nelson exclaimed—

"Will you not answer me, Lelia? Will you not  
favor me with a single word?"

"I am not myself," she answered—"this is so sad-  
den, it needs careful thought than I can now bestow  
—I must have time for consideration."

Mr. Nelson wisely forbore urging a decision, and  
they were both relieved when they reached the home  
mansion.

That evening, Lelia retired early, but not to rest.  
The events of the morning had stimulated thought to  
unusual vividness, until it seemed as if a life-time  
that had been poured into her ear, the brain had taken  
up with a power and persistency that did not allow of  
sleep, and into the deep bath of the night she still  
gazed from her open window, busied in pondering the  
subject, as in varied aspects it passed in graphic pan-  
orama before the mind. The past and the new had  
had the floor, rather tamely, it must be confessed,

ed, being unrestricted by rules parliamentary, but yet  
each urging his side by effective appeals to the head  
and the heart. And, indeed, such had a fruitful  
result.

The preference of such a man was highly com-  
plimentary, and she was flattered by it. He possessed  
many very agreeable qualities, which had already con-  
tributed no little to her happiness, and gratitude claim-  
ed its due on this point. He loved her: what woman  
is insensible to such a fact? The alliance would be  
an honorable one, and family considerations will have  
weight in matters matrimonial, and why should not  
she, an orphan, think of this? Then, what opportu-  
nities for the gratification of refined tastes, in the cul-  
tivated circles in which she would belong, and the lit-  
erary and art material at command,—not to take into  
account the ample fortune laid at her feet! These  
matters of self-consideration did not fail to suggest  
themselves. But, besides these, there were bright,  
glowing fancies and air-castles, rising before the vision,  
resplendent in the dazzling hues and magic  
charms so indescribable and enchanting, so ready to  
leap into life before the imagination of a young girl of  
quick sensibilities, when for the first time she listens  
to the burning words of love. Revivified by the rose-  
color that overspread the prospect, the young girl  
yielded to the sway of thick coming emotions, confi-  
ding and blissful. But anon, the other side came up,  
chill as an autumn day, dark as an overcast  
cloud; and the joyous light went out in the brilliant  
eye, and the flushed cheek paled.

Did he really love her, or was it mere impulse?  
Could she safely commit her happiness to his keeping  
for life, on the strength of an affection so quickly  
developed? Did his language—that of one born un-  
der a fervid sky—mean less than it seemed to one  
bred amid the northern snows? And how much al-  
legiance should be made for this? Then, as to the  
occurrences that elicited his confession, she saw nothing  
in them so very remarkable that they should ele-  
vate her to the honors of a heroine. They were more  
the result of her New England training, than of su-  
perior qualities inherent in herself. She remembered that  
one of the first lessons imprinted on her memory, by a  
revered teacher, was the wisdom of presence of mind  
in danger; and that it was the recollection of this,  
coming to her aid at the right juncture, that saved her  
from those cowardly weaknesses that might have proved  
fatal. And divested of all delusion when he came  
to see her just as she was,—a plain every-day mortal,  
—would not his sudden interest turn to indifference?

As she leaned on the casement, lost in thought,  
there came faintly from the distance a shriek, piercing  
and agonized. It was one of those sharp, wild cries,  
that haunt one over after. Lelia was sure that it was  
the voice of a woman, and her heart beat wildly,  
she peered out, listening with strained ear to catch the  
sound again. A death-like silence brooded, and, seized  
by an ill-defined fear, she turned to see if her cham-  
ber door was locked; then resumed her place at the  
window. What a desolation! she thought, looking  
over the landscape enveloped in darkness. Not a  
neighbor near, not a light to be seen. What a con-  
trast to the New England from which she had come!  
Stretching away in dismal darkness was the plantation  
with its little army of blacks, ignorant and debased,  
separated from the men to which she belonged by an  
impassable gulf, and having no interests, sympathies  
and hopes in common with their master, yet kept  
down by the mere handful, that slept as if all was  
secure, in the mansion that in lonely splendor over-  
looked the scene. What tragedies, she thought, might  
be the unwritten history of a place like this! What vio-  
lence and wrong may be essential to such a social  
condition! And what dangers! for who can say that  
the brute strength, now yielding bone and sinew to  
unpaid toil, will always be so passive, and that the  
rule of white over black may not one day end in blood  
and ruin? And that shriek! was it the heart break-  
ing cry of some poor slave, calling for help where  
none can be found, as the callous overseer tortures  
his victim? The very air seemed heavy with the  
thought—borne down with insupportable sighs, and  
groans, and curses; and, closing the window, she  
murmured, "How can I become the wife of a slave-  
master? What shall I do? Oh, that father and mother  
were alive to advise me!" Guiding to her trunk, Lelia  
took therefrom a package of letters. They were from  
Mr. Robert Nelson to his wife, written while he  
journeyed for his health. On the disease of his  
widow, Lelia came across them; and as last mem-  
ories of her departed foster-parents were sacred to her,  
she had put them carefully by, deigning some time  
to look them over. The lips that in the past had  
counselled her, alas! were silent; but it seemed to  
her as if the dear, familiar hand writing would prove  
a balm. Opening the first that came to hand, she  
found it contained directions in view of his approach-  
ing demise, which, it was evident, he regarded as  
near at hand. She was filled with astonishment as  
she came to the following passage—

"I have a presentiment, dear wife, that you will  
not long survive me. The illness you have had  
recently confirms the impression, and I find myself  
too feeble to resist the question, What shall we do with  
our dear Lelia? One thing I am very anxious about,  
and that is, lest by any means she should be per-  
suaded to go South. This might very naturally happen,  
as our connections are there, and therefore the danger.  
You know I am so much concerned on this point—  
I need not explain, nor would it be prudent. But,  
should anything happen to you, I charge you, by all  
our regard for her well-being, to give her kindly  
warning. It would not be best for you to state the  
reasons. It would not be necessary, she has so much  
confidence in our love, and has ever shown such a  
sweet regard to our wishes. Nor would it, I think,  
be wise to speak directly on this subject, until the last  
extremity—it would give her uneasiness, and do no  
good. But, should I not live to return, and you have  
any reason to expect your summons, charge her for  
me as well as yourself never to venture South, what-  
ever the inducements may be. I do hope that, as  
thus far all things have been well as respects our  
precious and interesting charge, so she may be mercifully  
shielded until the end."

"This explains what the message was that mother tried  
to tell me last sudden illness to leave for me," said Lelia,  
deeply moved. "Oh, that I had been at home! I could  
have understood her, and perhaps this mystery would  
have been cleared up. Why should they have been thus  
anxious on this point? I have been happy here, and  
better off than I could have been there, with so few  
friends, my parents lived so like hermits. But what  
did that charge mean? How singular that I should  
read it tonight! Oh, I know not what to think or  
do!"—and throwing herself on the bed, she wept her  
self asleep.

Whatever may have been the theological results of  
Rev. Charles Beecher's ministry in the church at  
Georgetown, his intellectual results are highly credit-  
able to him. Both his church and congregation have  
shown a correct understanding of their rights and duties  
in those capacities, and an independence of the  
bonds of tradition and custom which the leaders of  
Orthodox Congregationalism are constantly striving  
to bind tighter upon them, such as, I fear, could scarcely  
be paralleled among the bodies called Orthodox  
Congregational in New England. This intelligence  
and independence may fairly be ascribed to the influ-  
ence of Mr. Beecher; either to his direct instruction  
in regard to ecclesiastical matters, or to his influence  
in fostering independence of thought. I refer to  
these two facts, namely—the vote of the church to  
relinquish its minister, after the council had recom-  
mended his dismissal, and the vote of the congrega-  
tion to urge him to remain, after the church had  
thrown its influence on the side of his opponents by  
acceptance of the resignation which he had magnani-  
mously offered.

The books which define the meaning and scope of  
Congregationalism (except those written within a few  
years by crafty leaders in the Orthodox portion of that  
body) agree in admitting that the function of a coun-  
cil is simply auxiliary and advisory; and that each  
church may not only begin and complete its own busi-  
ness, small or great, without the assistance of a coun-  
cil, but that, having asked the advice of a council, they  
may still decide the matter in question according to  
their own judgment, whether they agree or disagree  
with that advice. The books, I say, agree to this  
judgment. But the influence of the leaders of Ortho-  
dox Congregationalism has of late tended more and  
more strongly to favor the view that the decisions of  
councils should practically be accepted as authorita-  
tive, and be agreed to,